

# WHAT'S LEFT OF SARAH MAC'S BUDGET.

VOL. 1.

DUXBURY, MASS., AUGUST 6, 1851.

NO. 1.

## ANECDOTES OF AUNT SARAH.

The old lady was a philosopher as well as a good Christian. When she visited the Woolen Factory for the first time, she made a long poem on the subject. The following is an extract:

King Solomon says there was no new thing done,  
Not in his day under the sun;  
But if he was to come here, and take a full view,  
Then he would *avow* there was something new.

Every generation grows wiser and wiser,  
Except here and there a sordid old miser;  
Sir! I like this new way of carding and spinning;

It is a brave thing to favor the women—  
And it is a thing that men ought to do;  
Had it not been for the women, there would have been none of you.

And the Factory again, when I went to see them spin,

I may say with the Queen of Sheba of old,  
That the half of your wisdom never was told;

You exceed Solomon in all his glory.  
And I think I have told you a very true story;

And, now, I suppose, very glad you would be.

If you had as many women as he:—  
But if they should come here to help you spin yarn,

I hope you'll take care that you do them no harm;

For the very first yarn that ever was spun,

By weak hearted women it was then done;  
Though they had not found out such a wonderful way,

To spin so many skeins in a day—  
Yet, every woman she did her part,

To spin a covering for the Ark.\*  
You have another aim in view, as I do suppose.

You are spinning to have new to make yourselves clothes.

You do very well, sirs, to say the least,  
So, I wish you all prosperity and peace;

And it is my sincere desire,  
That your factory may not take fire,

As some have done of late,  
Which is a loss to the whole State—  
But nothing in comparison to what it does sustain.

## COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

*Owners of Ship Concordia vs. Harding.*

Cheat for the Plaintiff—Rantoul for Defendant.

### SECOND DAY'S PROCEEDINGS.

G. M. S., witness for the Plaintiff, called.

Judge—Mr. Clerk, swear this person.

Clerk—Hold up your right hand, Sir.

[The witness raises his gambling hand and, somewhat agitated, he turns aside a little, evidently to avoid the direct gaze of the Court and Jury.

Judge—Witness! turn round! face the Court and Jury. Don't be alarmed—no one shall hurt you here, Sir.

Clerk—You truly and solemnly swear, that the answers you shall give to the Court and Jury, in the case now in hearing, shall be the truth—the whole truth—and nothing but the truth,—so help you —

[The witness bows his head.]

Judge—snappishly—Hold up your hand, Sir.

[The witness here shoots up his hand suddenly, as if he'd grasp the air for relief.]

The oath administered, the oath proceeds. Counsel for the Plaintiff—What is your name?

Witness—G. M. S.

Counsel—Do you reside in Boston.

Witness—Yes, Sir. Sprague, Soule & Co., No. 7 T Wharf, dealers in grind stones and plaster, Nova Scotia Exchange, eight drafts on Bathurst, St. John's, Londonderry and Digby, and—

Counsel—That is sufficient. We won't trouble you further to answer that question.

Counsel—Do you know Captain Harding, the Defendant in this action?

Witness—No, Sir! I've seen him; and I was going to tell you all about it just now—but you wouldn't let me.

Judge—Witness! give direct answers to the questions of Counsel.

Counsel—Witness, I understood you to say, that you knew Capt. Harding?

Witness—I said I knew Capt. Harding. I didn't know he had any "responsibilities," tho'.

Counsel—Do you know where he resides—where he lives?

Witness—He lives at home, down East, summers, and resides at sea, winters; but spends most of his time at the Cape.

Counsel—But, tell us, if you please, where you have been accustomed seeing him most?

Witness—On the T.

Counsel—Then, if I understand you correctly, Mr. S., you know nothing further respecting this Capt. Harding, only that you have seen him often on the T Wharf—and that is about all you know about him?

Witness—Yes, that's what I know—and I don't know anything else.

Counsel—Witness, you may take your seat.

May it please the Court, we rest the defence here.

Court adjourns. *EXEUNT OMNES.*

"Music hath charms to soothe the Savage",  
An old, but yet a truthful adage.

Mrs. EDITRESS:—Permit me through your columns to announce to the inhabitants of Duxbury and vicinity, that on the termination of the "Fair Season," I shall open a series of schools for inculcating those truths long since taught by "Pedro" and of improving the minds and hearts of both young and old, and hope by constant perseverance to merit the patronage of the public.

Terms, \$1 dollar for 24 lessons, payable "Recess," any night preceding the last.  
J. WILDE.  
Aug 6th, 1851.

Amariah D. came into Sarah Mac's cottage to hit his pipe and quarrelled

We see, and it gives us great pleasure, that some of the friends of Mr. Moore, late Conductor on the Old Colony Rail Road, have presented him with a piece of plate, as a mark of their esteem for him as a man, and of their appreciation of his politeness while he held that office. This is as it should be, and we think that the many friends of another gentleman, Mr. J. A. Sampson, who held the same position on the road, should follow the example, and thereby express their regard for him, of whom it is but just to say, that, without disparagement to any, he was second to no one in gentlemanly deportment, or in the conscientious discharge of his duty as an officer. Who'll start it?

Walking one day, Aunt Sarah fell in with the corpse of a man dead drunk:—

"Will the Ethiopian change his skin,  
Or the leopard one spot?  
Will this man be sober again,  
Or will he remain a drunken sot?"

Dr. A—once had a horse, which he kept in his possession for more than twenty years, whose characteristics will be well remembered by many of our citizens. The horse was so accustomed to his master's eccentricities, that he seemed to possess a wonderful degree of sagacity. One thing I will mention: The Doctor used to have him brought to the door in the old square top chaise, (which it was his happy province to carry,) and putting the reins over his back and fastening them, would tell him to go to Squire P—s and bring home his mistress. The animal would go and bring her in safety back. He was quite in the habit of backing out of his stable, at church, and going to the brook, (Hound's Ditch) to drink, and would always return to the stable and wait his master's

My two sons or more that have been slain.  
If this unhappy war should not  
I fear America will be sold—  
But I hope not to Buonaparte;  
Because he has so hard a heart;  
For, if it be, we all must die—  
His tender mercies are cruelly—  
For if any man be a friend to him,  
I wish he may never show his head again.

This has been at my house a long time be-  
fore it was done,  
And I fear it will do but little good when it  
returns home;  
My pen and ink is poor, and so am I too—  
And when you try to read this you will find  
enough to do.

\* See Ex. Chap. 26 Verse 25 & 26.

A married couple who were quite fa-  
mous for their numerous jabs, were at  
length compelled to dismiss connubial  
felicity. Aunt Sarah was going by the  
house one day, and hearing some one  
call her, she turned round and inquired  
what was the matter. "I want you to  
come and live with me, for I am all  
alone," said the unhappy man.

She, in her usual quaint manner re-  
plied—

To tell you the truth, I'm not like Ruth,  
Who's gone to live with Sam Darling,  
If you expect to have me, I'm appointed  
you'll be,

As long as I'm Sarah Mockartin.

For be it known, I'd rather live alone  
All the days of my life,

Than to have a man, if I know that I can  
Who has got another wife.

You've had a virtuous bride and you've set  
her aside.

And I think you're a simple man—  
But since it is so, it is best you should  
know,

You may get another if you can."

She was once picking Cranberries  
when the owner of the meadow told her  
to go off his land, that the law did not  
allow her to pick them.

"I'm an old woman, seventy-one,  
Cranberry law has just begun—  
Men make love, but I won't mind 'em  
I'll pick cranberries whenever I can  
find 'em."

so. Counsel—The answer was, that you  
had seen him.

Counsel—Where have you seen him?

Witness—On the T. W. L. A. F.

Counsel—Witness, what do you know  
about Capt. Harding?

Witness—I know all about him, for I  
have seen him on the T. What every  
day.

Counsel—That's all, Mr. W. L. A. F.; you  
may step down.

CROSS EXAMINED.

Counsel for the Defendant—Stop, Sir,  
a moment, if you please, I have a ques-  
tion to ask. Witness, do you know Mr.  
Lombard, one of the Plaintiffs in this ac-  
tion.

Witness—Yes, I know Mr. Lombard.

I ate dinner at his house to-day.

Counsel—Did or did not, Mr. Lombard  
say anything to you relative to your evi-  
dence in this case?

Witness—Yes.

Counsel—You will please state to the  
Court and Jury, distinctly, what Mr. Lon-  
bard said.

Counsel for the Plaintiff—May it please  
your Honor, I object to that question.

Judge—The question is a proper one—  
what the witness heard Mr. L. say!

Witness—He said he thought it was a  
good evidence. Witness, proceed.

Witness—He said he thought it was a  
deceit or a confounded hard case. I don't  
know which.

Counsel—What was a hard case?

What case did you think he meant?

Witness—Why, his case, I 'spose;  
that's all the case I know.

Counsel—Witness, did Mr. Lombard  
say anything further, respecting it?

Witness—No! I should think that's  
enough.

Judge—Confine yourself, Mr. Witness,  
to the question, directly.

Counsel—State what you know of Cap-  
tain Harding's responsibility?

Witness—What I know! I didn't know  
he had any "responsibilities."

Judge—Witness, don't repeat the ques-  
tion.

Counsel—But, hadn't you just said in  
your direct testimony, that you knew all  
about Capt. Harding?

with her mother, whereupon she wrote  
the following stanzas:—

"O! A marauder came in for some fire,  
And he fell out with my mother—  
His struck her three blows just above the  
nose,  
And he had better not strike her an-  
other."

SONNET.

BY A HUSBAND TO HIS WIFE.

Oh have I thought, whom could I love  
but thee;  
Of all the many good thy sex may claim,  
Of those unknown or well remembered  
name,

Is there one could be, as thou art, dear to  
me?

Quick from my listening heart the an-  
swer came,—  
Not one. In thee so many charms unite,  
Begetting what I deem'd should light  
Affection's purest glow, that I would  
believe, some Angel did our fates en-  
twine,

By Heaven's decree empowered to make  
us twain.

And link my life in graciously with thine.

A FABLE IN DOGGEREL.

A jockey once extolled his favorite steed,  
The rare production of a famous breed,  
Well bred, well trained, etc. etc.;

In all the world you could not better her.  
A purchaser his hundred dollars paid,  
Then runs to see the bargain he has made:

"One little thing," the chuckling jockey  
said,  
"I ought to add: the animal is dead!"  
I fought with trembling haste a reigning  
belle,

Whose beauty, it was said, no tongue  
could tell,  
"A wonderful, a fascinating creature,"  
Graceful in form, and perfect in each fea-  
ture.

The radiant belle, with all her charms,  
was there,  
And every feature was divinely fair,  
But glorious as she seemed in every part,  
The prettiest creature had no soul or heart.

AN EXCURSION TO THE THUMP-  
CAPS.—A CURE FOR THE CHOLERA.

In August, 1848, during the prevalence  
of Cholera in Boston, a party of some  
twenty gentlemen left Duxbury on a fish-  
ing excursion to the Thump, or Thump  
Cape. About 12 o'clock at night, (it was  
my watch on deck,) one of the party, a  
Mr. S— made his appearance, bent al-  
most double, with hands clasped upon  
his bowels, exclaiming "I have got the  
Cholera! How far are we from the Gur-  
net?" I will give fifty dollars to be on  
shore." The reply was, "Nonsense—  
we are ten miles from the Gutnet, and  
shortly shall be upon the ledge: go be-  
low, join in the repartee and jokes, put  
over your line at day-break, and all will  
be well." In five minutes from that time  
all was well, excepting complaints from  
some of the party that Mr. S— kept them  
awake with his fun, until day-light did  
appear. ONE OF THE MEN IN GLASSES.

"Ned, who is that girl I saw you  
walking with?" "Miss Hogg."

Hogg? Hogg? well she is to be pit-  
ied for having such a name." "So I  
think," rejoins Ned, "I offered her  
mine, just now, and she's going to  
take it in a few weeks."

FOR SALE.

TWO MUSK RATS, shot by Mr. Alfred Winsor,  
at Gut River. The skins of these animals are quite  
valuable having been shot in the head, the sportsman  
wearing a pair of concrete glasses, he was enabled  
to take delicate aim, and not injuring their skins.  
Apply to Mr. WINSCOR, who resides in town until  
Thursday morning.

FOR SALE.

If Applied for Immediately.

The well known horse, so long driven by G. M.  
Squire, Esq. will be in town this day only—With the  
exception of what he is supposed to be sound, and  
as a guarantee against bad mules, we would state he  
is old enough to know better, being in his 22nd year.  
Mr. B. will be pleased to show the animal at the  
first stable on village street.

FIDDLING! FIDDLING!

PARTIES will find it for their interest to apply to  
the subscriber, when any thing in the above line is  
needed.

A BURGESS.

## THE FISHING EXCURSION.

A PARODY.

Written at *Rumors' Lodge, Plymouth Bay, Aug. 1850.*

Not a sail was seen of a fisher's boat,  
As my sleep through the long hours was  
hunted.

Not a gunner discharged his fatal shot,  
On the shore where the sand-clams lay  
buried.

He waked me early at dead of night,  
Before the tide in the ebb was turning,  
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,  
And the night lamp dimly burning.

No useless blanket covered my breast,  
Not a quilt, nor a sheet was around me,  
But I lay like an Eagle, snug in my nest,  
When old Marshall suddenly found me.

Long and loud were the knocks he gave,  
And he pulled at the old bell handle,  
Quite enough to awake the sleep of the grave,  
The neighbors all said 'twas a scandal.

I thought as I roused up my heavy head,  
Which sank in the feather pillow,  
How my wife and my children would rest in  
their bed,

And I far away on the billow.

Little they'll know of the storm that came  
down,

And of my cold drenching disaster,  
But never I'll wreck, if they'll let me sail on,  
In the craft where a Winsor is master.

But half of our outward voyage was o'er,  
When the squall struck the sloop on the  
quarter,

And we heard the distant thunder-clouds  
pour.

And the heavens poured down oceans of  
water.

Slowly and sadly we stood to sea,  
Under the all the sail could be carried,  
We reached *Rumors' Lodge*, famous in fish  
history.

Good Lord how in the big monsters we  
hurried.

Hear after hour we still kept at the sport,  
Over the field of our fish fresh and gay,  
We pulled each his line, we raised the right  
sort,

And we left it at length filled with glory.

Mrs. Edw. — The incident I am  
about to relate has

up, so that if it should be adopted, the  
present generation of men have great  
deal to go through. Besides, the male  
sex ought certainly to meet with some  
attention in a lady's choice of dress,  
and not be outtrivalled. All the clas-  
sic associations with the petticoats  
would be at an end, and that respect-  
able garment would soon be matter  
of history. — While the old of the pres-  
ent would sigh for the wisdom of the  
past age.

I am pleased to be able to add that  
the painful change I have above des-  
cribed endured but for a day or two,  
and I am again daily refreshed with  
the former bright vision and happy  
smile.

Mrs. Edw. — Your request of  
me to write for your paper makes me  
feel, as Sam Slick says, *awful uneasy*.  
I am afraid to appear in public before  
all the *fétichs* I shall meet on the 6th  
and 7th of August.

You wanted something old, antique,  
have no old tables, chairs, or any ar-  
ticle used in the time of Moses, Jos-  
eph, David or Solomon, or in the days  
of Rome's greatest power and glory,  
if it were but a small piece of Caesar's  
cloak, made famous by the oration of  
Mark Anthony, I would fain give it  
thee. I wish I possessed the sword  
Joynous of Charlemagne, or the magi-  
cal and all-powerful flag of olden times  
of vermillion color, in three peaks, on  
a golden lance, that the Gauls won so  
many victories under which was con-  
sidered sacred, and deposited in the  
church of St. Dennis, called the *cus-  
lamme*—or that more in keeping with  
the character of your meeting, the  
white flag of the Maid of Orleans, or  
the dagger used by the fair hands of  
that heroic girl, Charlotte Corday,  
when she stabbed Marat in his bath.  
I now regret I did not get a sight of  
the remains of that great statesman.

ness of men. Perhaps he will be con-  
vinced of his talents, and popularity,  
and possessed of undisputed pre-emi-  
nence, his thoughts may turn upon  
some mighty project of doing good,  
I think that nobody can now have the  
temerity to set up for a prophet, when  
events so little calculated upon are  
fresh in their remembrance.

I will venture to predict, however,  
that we must have some more war  
before Millennial peace. I am forbid-  
den to scan A —'s page, which is  
before me, otherwise I might ken the  
objects in her mind and yours. It  
makes me happy to think that the  
minds of many young people are ex-  
cited in a rational way, and it ex-  
cites not a speck of envy, that they  
already have much more than their  
fathers, who have lived half a cen-  
tury. I am content to leave the world  
to you, and go to school myself in  
another state, in which I hope there  
are no such evils as outwinds indiges-  
tion, mental indecision, &c. &c.

Is it not a lean time with you with  
respect to books? Perhaps my spirit-  
ual appetite is not good, but when I  
take up the ephemeral productions of  
the week and month, and discern so  
few notices of literary supplies of  
home growth or imported, I fear a  
pamphlet from your minister D —  
"Christian Observer, No. 6," have  
recently occupied my attention: the  
vulgar invidiousness of the one ex-  
cites disgust, and the pious contents  
of the other, create little interest. But  
I find myself every day becoming  
more nice than wise. I wish in vain  
to taste the pleasures of that juvenile  
period, when distant objects were great  
and new ones full of interest. Virgil  
was happier at the time when, as he  
says, "Stultus, pusillanimus Romanus  
fusse simulum," than when he had

Jeu d'esprit.—Some time since as  
a debate in the House of Representa-  
tives, Mr. Smith, of Maine, spoke  
with much self complacency of his  
patriotism, and that of his ancestry  
and connections, and alluded to the  
fact of having lost a brother at Lan-  
dy's Lane, during the last war.

Mr. Morgan, of New York, one of  
the youngest members of the House,  
at the conclusion of a most spirited  
and eloquent reply, said, that when-  
ever our national honor demanded a  
resort to war, he trusted he would be  
found on the side of his Country  
right or wrong; but he would assure  
the gentleman from Maine of one  
thing, that he would never come here  
and boast of his ancestry or connec-  
tions, or make it a matter of pride  
that he lost a brother, but saved him-  
self!

A Senator, on bearing the reply,  
gave the following *improvisation*, which  
was circulated among the members,  
to the amusement of all parties:—  
"How sleep the brave" at Landy's Lane!  
But none who fought with gallant Scott,  
Till half so fat as Smith of Maine,  
By youthful Morgan's rifle shot.

### Anecdote of the late Judge Davis.

Not many months before the death  
of this great and good man, on the  
occasion of a dinner party at his  
house, at which Mr. Justice Story  
and other eminent jurists and lawyers  
were present, the conversation turned  
upon the comparative advantages of  
the different periods of life. Some  
thought that the seasons of youth  
and manhood were fullest of enjoy-  
ment, and others gave the preference  
for solid satisfaction, to the period of  
age. Judge Davis did not state his  
opinion until he was invited to do so:  
and then, in that calm and benign  
manner for which he was remarkable,  
he said: "In the

tion with an alarming infection now raging in this section of the country, that I cannot refrain from expressing my sentiments, and I trust those of every real admirer of the fair sex.

A few doors distant in the street in which I live, there is a school for young ladies, and I have the pleasure of receiving every morning a most graceful bow and agreeable smile, from a young girl of seventeen, or eighteen years of age, as she passes on her way to school. It has come to be as much as my breakfast, a refreshment, preparatory to the labors of the day. She dresses with much taste, and it is with the most unmixt pleasure that I behold her straight, little figure, the graceful swing of her dress as she walks, and the tiny foot and beautiful ankle that peeps out as she steps over the puddle which always lies in front of the opposite house.

As I was sitting the other morning at my window, in expectation of my usual treat, I saw approaching a figure, which at first sight, I was puzzled to distinguish the gender of; though on a nearer approach, I perceived it to be a female.

Her gown, (if what she had on was intended for that article of dress,) scarcely descended below her knees, though I should have thought it desirable to have a longer one than usual, in order to hide the appearance presented, as if her under-clothes had fallen about her feet. As the dress was evidently intended to resemble the masculine, the use of the arms became also embarrassing. Aware that her former feminine carriage of them was no longer suitable, she twisted them about till they came as uncomfortably obvious as the claws of a lobster. My astonishment on recognising my fair friend must have appeared in my face, for, with a cold bow and a deep bluish puddle, I thought with even a certain degree of chuminess.

I had heard of Bloomerism, but this was my first experience of it. Reflecting upon this new mode, I became convinced that this dress can only be worn gracefully from youth

and warrior when I was in Alexandria: his sword Jôyou was buried with him. What a pretty thing for your young ladies to offer for sale to the young warriors they are to fight—mate and enchant at the meeting. They must have bid high for it—had it been only to give the ladies a good opinion of their courage and chivalry. Had I been a Catholic, in my European tour, I might have been in possession of the bracelets, the good old servant carried with him to captivate the beautiful maiden Rebecca, whom the old patriarch, Abraham sought for wife for his son, or Joseph's coat of many colors, or some of the Hebrew garments that waxed not old during the forty years sojourn in the wilderness, some curious work made by the fair dames of Israel for the tabernacle, something from the magnificent temple built by Solomon—but alas, I have none; neither have I any of more modern times, such as our Pilgrim Fathers brought over in the May Flower, and I can only regret that it is out of my power to bring forth anything old from my treasures, that it might be your pleasure to accept, unless it may be my very sincere good wishes, which like old wine, is none the worse for age.

Wishing you many happy days and great success with your newspaper, and much pleasure at your fair, I remain your friend and servant,  
JOHN SMITH.  
July 25th, 1851.

A letter from Dr. Allyn to a lady, written on a quarter of a sheet of paper:—  
Dorbury, July 30, 1851.

What great changes in our world!—Bona is a good fellow—I think better of his character than heretofore—his ambition to rule them is not incredible. They are not to blame for preferring the yoke of a prince who is a soldier, active, full of resources, and in the meridian of life, to the sombre, dull cold regime of a tapestry Bona.

It is a pity Bona was not more of a Christian, with less ambition and more merciful to spare the lives and happy-

Happiness consists in action—in having always an object in pursuit—in quick mental determination. May you not live to experience these impressions of enjoyment, which clothe up such scenes of enjoyment.

Come, therefore, my meadow ground, garden, dell, there is not a speck of dirt to be seen. I have picked up every shell and bit of yam and paper far and near from my door—so that although you may not find everything there should be, you will not find anything there should not be. Do not consider the scoundrels of this paper as denuding parsnips but prudence, and a sort of mental dephable, which may consist with much respect and affection, as I am sure it does in the instance of your friend  
J. ALLYN.

The following incident lately occurred in Dorchester, at the house of A—d W—, Esq. of that place:

Mr. W. being awakened by some unusual noise in the basement story of his house, proceeded with a fire-poker very cautiously down stairs to the basement story, and there found a man very diligently employed in filling a bag with flour from a barrel of "Extra Eagle." Sam Thompson's inspection, which Mr. W. had purchased the day previous. Mr. W. being in feeble health and very near-sighted, thought it prudent to call up some other members of his family, and accordingly awoke his two servant girls and armed one of them with the mother pistol, and the other with a rusty sword, and proceeded to capture the man. One of the servants commenced the attack with Mr. W. in the rear, and after a severe struggle, the man was secured and found to be a cripple, having lost one arm and leg at the Battle of Palo Alto, under the command of General Taylor.

SIGMA.

Dr. Allyn said to a friend, one day, "Do you see that woman yonder?" (Sarah Mac.) "She's the richest woman in town—she's got two cents and one want."

The year it is my delight to be in the country, and every pleasant evening while I am there, I love to sit at the window and look upon some beautiful trees which grow near my house. The murmuring of the wind through the branches, the gentle play of the leaves, and the flickering of light upon them, when the moon is up, fill me with an indescribable pleasure. As the autumn comes on, I feel very sad to see these leaves falling one by one; but when they are all gone, I find that they were only a screen before my eyes; for I experience a new and higher satisfaction as I gaze through the naked branches at the glorious stars beyond.

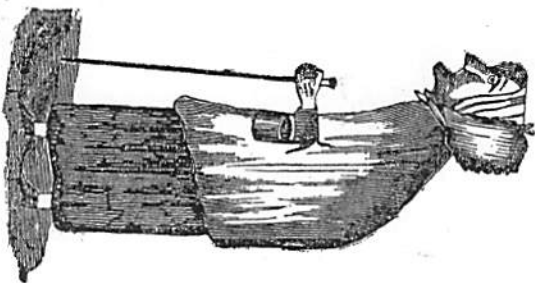
"Of course, you must be taller than the lady you intend to kiss; take her right hand, in yours, and draw her gently to you; pass your left arm over her right shoulder, diagonally down across her back, under her left arm; press her to your bosom; at the same time she will throw her head back, and you have nothing to do but to lean a little forward, and press your lips to hers, and the thing is done. Don't make a noise over it, as if you were firing off percussion caps, or trying the water-cocks of a steam engine, nor pounce upon an innocent dove, but gently fold the damsel in your arms, without deranging the economy of her tippet or ruffle, and by a sweet pressure upon her mouth, revel in the blissfulness of your situation, without smacking your lips on it as you would over a roast duck."

The author of the above can take our hat,—he's a genius—he ought to be noticed.  
Dart.

"It is a curious fact," say some entomologists, "that it is only the female mosquito that torments us." A bachelor says it is not at all "curious."

If you would succeed in business, have an eye to your personal appearance. Fools always look at the outer man, and they outnumber sensible men."

# A CORRECT LIKENESS OF



AUNT SARAH MACFARLAND.

## AUNT SARAH MAC.

BY AN AMYQUEL.

I remember our "Poetess," as a little old woman, with whom many pains were not taken in the making; ever attending on the services of the Sanctuary, in a red cloak, and black bonnet with a "pinch" therein. On other days, habited in the same costume—her arms and apron filled with "high winter-green," and "low winter-green." Like Shakespeare, she was "Nature's Oracle," albeit, in a somewhat different sense; tho' she "spoke science without learning."

She rejoiced to see the morning spread upon the hills, to see the solitary places made glad by the sun's tidings. Her voice spoke gratitude; her heart expanded with benevolence. The glories of creation awakened her mind to thoughts, and made her soul happy.

She possessed the true "philosopher's stone," the real source of happiness—contentment. Her wisdom brought together every circumstance that might light up a flame of cheerfulness, and she never appalled, by a *Gravity*, defined by Rochem-foucault, as a "mysterious carriage of the body," prized every thing according to its real use, and looked upon the business and bustle of the world, with the philosophy with which Socrates surveyed the fair at Athens, exclaiming, in her heart,

Tom Paine had a most severe reviewing from "Aunt Sarah," who made quite a logical argument in rhyme against that infidel's writing, and exposed many of his errors.

Her politics may be judged from her libellous eulaph on Bonaparte, which shows that she was no "Jacobin." It runs as near as we can remember, thus:—

"Here is an epitaph for Bonaparte,  
Because he had so hard a heart,  
That when he had gained a victory,  
The women and children too must die!  
He slew as many as he was able!  
He slew the infants in the cradle!  
He was as bad as Herod, whom we read  
Cruised such innocents to bleed!  
He was a foe to God and man!  
You may deny it if you can."

### POSTSCRIPT.

"I heard that Bonaparte was dead  
When this eulaph was made,  
But since he has come to life again,  
I hope he may repent of his sin."

Aunt Sarah's rhymes were sometimes rather irregular in their metre, as is shown by the following doggerel about a girl who drowned herself because her father would not allow her to marry a soldier, stationed at the U. S. fort on the Gurnet:—

"It is a truth of ancient date,  
That no man has own flesh and bone,  
But one poor creature void of sense and wit,  
Plunged herself into the sea,  
Not fearing endless misery, [misery]  
Because she was denied having the man that she did love,  
But whom her father did not approve  
That she should be his bride."

Again, when some evil disposed persons managed to saw off the timbers of a new frame of a church, just raised, Aunt Sarah exclaims:—

"And so you broke your saw!  
But first you broke the law!  
Pray tell me what you did it for?"

"Aunt Sarah" recited her rhymes about the streets of Duxbury, to all who desired to hear them, and sometimes when they were long, she committed her compositions to writing, and read them. Her poem about Tom Paine's books was one of her most elaborate productions, and she carried the manuscript in her pocket, and read it to all who were disposed to hear.

Tho' not of sweet aerial, reached the fields of truth, philosophy, and satire. Nay, she was

A Star, whose light was sought in olden time,  
To kindle minds of rich and poor by lore  
Which teemed with precious fruits in after years,  
And was of high import, or culled as gems  
From the whole circle of the Sciences—  
High School Preceptress—grave Aunt Sarah Mac!

"Greeting! Aunt Sarah, whither speeding?"  
"Friend,  
One of my seven good mothers lieth sick—  
Not unto death—but pills and blistering  
Have stolen, thence, from her sallow cheek;  
And I have here a sure restorative,  
So sovereign, that, with earnest prayer and pains,  
I think 'twill help, if not in nine days cure;  
'Tis strong and fresh with copious showers  
Of rain,  
And timely sunshine. Last night, lost, I  
slept—  
But God was near me—neath a friendly bush,  
With many dreams more sweet than fern  
or balm,  
Till waked by trush and linnet. Sir, farewell—  
We're near the spot where poor dame  
Hetty Tom,  
Sat in her sylvan hut, and sung or said,  
With 'harp hung on the willow, the brave  
deeds  
And stratagems of ancestors, gone far  
Beyond in Eternal mountains. Night  
comes on,  
Tho' slow the Lord may be to chide, ye  
know,  
We're not in woods alone—to dwell—fare-  
well!"

I followed—slipping 'neath the arms and screens  
That fortified her shelter's avenues.  
Four cats, from stool or chair careering,  
leaped  
Scampering for cosy nook; while, shrewd-  
ly ranging  
Tho' not to our kind neighbors' taste, there  
stood  
Eight barrels, filled with sermons, herbs,  
caps, robes,  
And broken crockery gathered on the  
beach.  
And every clutched to goodwives known,  
Her treasures—leaving dark and dubious  
aid.

The latter will, until the spirit works  
Upon the letter in their story hearts—Sarah!

She dies. In yellow greasy envelope  
A document is found in strong round hand—  
"My very last good will and testament.  
Know ye that I, Sarah Mac Farland by the  
grace  
Of God—maiden and spinstress—when I'm  
dead,  
Do rightfully bequeath herein—  
My soul to Him and body to the ground:  
Imprimis—'Tis my will—that Mistress—  
Do have my gold ring and bed for all her  
care.  
Imprimis—I do herein bequeath  
My Psalter and Bible to Dr.—  
My second feather bed, and chairs and  
clothes,  
—There's not much crockery  
—some silver spoons—  
Imprimis—I bequeath to—, for all her  
love.  
And, imprimis, lastly I do bequeath  
My good will to all good Christians. Amen.  
July, 1831.  
A FAITHFUL WITNESS

Aunt Sarah once called on a friend  
who had been sick for a long time, in  
consequence of an injury received from  
a from a fall. Dr. Allyn happened to  
be there. She began talking with Mrs  
B—, for not calling a physician, that she  
ought to have sent for one before, and if  
she had been tied, and if she had done  
this, that, and the other thing, she would  
have been thus and so. The Doctor  
getting very impatient, with the old  
chatterbox, cried "Hold! Sarah, hold!  
I wish you would be still; you say and  
if, and if, and if—if she never had  
been torn, she never would have to die,  
and she never would have been hurt,  
&c. Aunt Sarah replied:—

"To be reproved by you sir I'm willing for  
to be,  
For you are my minister, and know much  
more than me—  
But that unruly member if a man could  
never rule,  
I'm sure a woman could not, so keep your  
temper cool."

3/4



Old Sarah was a poetess  
Of credit and renown,  
She wore a red baize pellicoon,  
Beneath her factory gown.  
Her body was not very straight,  
Her mind was more erect:  
Her Sunday gown was very small,  
And variously bedecked.  
Whatever you addressed to her,  
She'd answer you in rhyme,  
Her ancient house was full of cracks,  
When peeping through was time.  
Three sprawling hens, the poor old souls,  
And cats a numerous race,  
Composed Old Sarah's family,  
All wrinkled was her face.  
In days of yore she used to keep  
The little village school,  
She used to carry a big fan  
To keep her person cool.  
And when to church she often went,  
She used to carry a big stick  
To keep her feet sure to keep.  
Her footsteps sure to keep.  
The Bible, so the folks declare,  
Old Sarah knew by rote,  
Lord how she looked when she had on  
Her grandpa's old brown coat,  
Good people all of every sort,  
Lament Old Sarah Mac,  
Her windows were stopped up with rags,  
Nor gennies did she lack

# "SARAH MAC."

"Aunt Sarah," whose name graces  
the title of this paper, was one of the  
most singular beings who lived in the  
quite expert as a rhythm, and was  
and in constructing verses about town  
iters. She was sure to find out wrong  
rs, and she "served them up in a  
inner that set them thinking," and  
more feared by such persons than  
exercised a very good influence  
be morals of the village. Acts of  
as were sure to be celebrated by  
heated old lady, and useful en-  
often had a few lines in their  
for instance, when a corn  
built in Duxbury, old Sarah  
was a man of wonderful skill,  
temple but never a mill  
I solemn, you hear made one,  
it read that he ever made one.

With pure poetic frenzy; and her flights,  
In couplets smooth in sound, if not replete  
Upon a wheel of rhymes, and threw them  
Our village poetess, whose tongue revolved  
To save terrace or sky-robed life! She was  
creeds,  
Numbers who deal in pills, clysters, and  
In Prophecy and Physics far beyond  
Half Eclectic and half Sibyl—skilled  
As I paused and pondered mute, she seemed  
Unknown, the potent in her practice. Then  
And to the healing art, dubbed with degrees  
With sweet,  
Of buds, flowers, roots and herbs, bitter  
Sure type of wise economy—and full  
dye—  
With ocher tints, cords, strings of every  
And knotted like the ball of yore,  
When hoop and cushion graced "the huntress  
Divine," were set away in thorny corn,  
Explored for simple medicinal; her arm  
Bore a willow basket, dusky and repaid  
And frizzled by the woodland breeze - her  
skirt  
And kerchief, plaited like the ball of yore,  
When hoop and cushion graced "the huntress  
Divine," were set away in thorny corn,  
Explored for simple medicinal; her arm  
Bore a willow basket, dusky and repaid  
And frizzled by the woodland breeze - her  
skirt

# AUNT SARAH MAC

All pregnant with combustibles and  
Still there in howling winter kneeling—  
And blessed by two rekindling, flickering  
Her voice and hands in evening prayer  
"Good Lord, I thank thee for those drifts  
of snow,  
Which bank my house, and cover o'er my  
roof,  
And stop up chinks to winds and lookers-in;  
Who would with burning curses melt them  
down!  
Lord, pity and forgive! Thou art to me,  
The poorest, yet rich in faith, a comforter.  
We read in St. James, second Chapter, and  
The seventeenth verse, I think it is—'Even  
Faith, if it hath not works, is dead, being  
alone.'  
Dear Lord, bidle all wrath and cursing,  
for—Amen."  
I see her at communion, dressed  
in coarse, tho' decent guise, with trembling  
hand,  
Bending to drop two mites—the widow's  
all—  
Into the treasury of Him whose smile  
Rises on the cheerful giver. But alas!  
Old age and feebleness constrain  
To seek a goodlier home. When power fails,  
Scorn, prayer, and tears are vain! She  
And soon recently, new-born, succeeds;  
Then for each wild, and stern anathema—  
Yea, marmalade—the world blesser shower  
On friends in need and dead. A consolator,  
She strove to make all rough faiths plain and  
smooth—  
All discord harmony—and, moving calm  
Among rude human elements, which snap  
And snarled at follies visible, except  
words  
Beneath the snarlers' skirts, with gentle  
Palmer, Bible, and Tuppil, Alm-house born,  
Her efforts all unavailing. "They will fret  
and gibe  
Poor bodies!"—"Be their peace-maker, and  
cheer  
And soothe their troubles; for we learn of  
Paul—  
If it be possible, live peaceably  
With all men." Yes, and it may be, I know,  
Quite possible to do so with all men,  
But here I find it is impossible  
To live in peace with all women! Verily,  
I have played and tried with Scripture words  
From this, my mother's, Palmer and the book  
Of Job, and Paul's Epistles—all is vain—  
The foolishness of preaching!—fret and groan

August the 24th, 1924.—Know all  
Men whom it may concern, that where-  
as I Sarah Macfarland, of Duxbury, am  
now arrived at the age of 84 years, the  
third of last June—and expect to die very  
soon—I have thought fit to leave these  
lines as my last Will; and also my sin-  
cere desire that my funeral may be  
attended at Dr. Allen's Meeting-house  
—and as near the grave of a deceased  
mother as room for it may be found;  
And now, be it known to all my friends  
and relations, that whereas I am indebi-  
ted to Mrs. Lucia Smith, the wife of Cap-  
tain Sylvanus Smith, for her making  
me two new gowns and a pellicoon, and  
many other small garments; and to  
compensate her, I do give her a gold  
ring, my deceased father gave me, when  
14 years old, telling me to be careful  
of it, and wear it in remembrance of him  
—which I have done and intend to do as  
long as I do live; but when I shall live  
no longer, it shall be given to Lucia  
Smith, and my pewter dishes too, with  
every ounce of pewter that may be  
found in my house. She shall also have  
my featherbed and bolsters and pillows,  
even every feather, after I shall have  
done sleeping on them. I do not know;  
but this I do, that she has been one of  
the most generous and kind-hearted neigh-  
bors to me that I ever knew.  
Now I give my under bed, a straw  
bed, with all my bed clothes and wear-  
ing clothes to those single women in  
Duxbury, in the almshouse. Each one  
who has no husband shall have an equal  
share after I shall want them no longer  
to wear; and as to other things that I  
own the owner of—viz: my household  
furniture, it shall be given to the Rev-  
erend Doctor Allen, one of my best  
friends.  
And I substitute Doctor Samuel Alden  
Executor of this my last and only Will,  
and Testament. In confirmation of this,  
I hereunto set my name.  
JUDAH ALDEN, Witness.  
When I am dead and in my grave,  
And mortched all my books shall have;  
Every book and every tract  
That does belong to Sarah Mac;  
My cyphering-book amongst the rest;  
For she the one that I loved best.  
She has been exceeding kind to me,  
And very thankful, too, I be;  
For I was always taught by my good  
mother,  
That one good turn deserves another.

# SARAH MACFARLAND

*On the Point of the Sea of Japan.*

By the Rodney, Jan. 44 dog. ton. 64, the Old Ship of Zulu, from Basildon. Supplied her with provisions, gave her a day's rest by the gun, as she had lost her reckoning.

*Of Middle Ground, the Moonlight, bound in, had not seen the moon since the eclipse.*

12 Falkland, Straits, Lizzie, surrounded by animals, charmed by the name of the songsters; whom they often heard on the North Shore.

102

PICKED UP 40 miles S. E. of Boca Point Light by the Hamblet Capt. R. A. BARNUM, in a matter of seconds that he, thinking to have some sport, according to some North, but for once he found his horse was a wild one. The wild horse was determined not to stop short of the World's Fair. So she mounted on the 40, and for a while went on tamely; but off the place, a squall struck her, and not having much training as usual, she was captured; and had it not been for the superhuman exertions of Capt. Leary, the wild blowing a gale at the time, she should probably have never heard more of the Priests. He speaks in the highest terms of the fitness of Capt. Leary and crew. He seems quite crestfallen.

1

In Duxbury, at Miles Standish, by the Rev.  
 Nathaniel Wiers, Jr., Mr. Marshall Sovle, to Miss  
 Mary Waterslow.  
 At Amesbury, to Miss Prissy Brown.  
 At Marshfield, by the Rev. Wm. Thompson, Mr.  
 Ephraim Little to Miss Mary Ford.  
 At Trinity Church, Mr. Helbrook Tubb, to Miss  
 Mary Hatch.

1

in Duxbury, July 17th, 1833. His mother, George Partridge (the daughter of the signers of the Declaration of Independence), aged 85 years.

in Duxbury, July 17th, 1833, John Allen, D. D., the 45th year of his ministry. July 17th, 1833, in Duxbury, November 17th, 1840, Rebecca Duxbury, March 13th, 1845, Major Josiah Duxbury, (an officer of the Revolution), aged 94 years.

32

This stone is in gratitude erected  
By some of her pupils *for her goodness respected,*  
her knowledge so vast, and with judgment so strong.

**E. FARWELL & CO.,**  
BOOK & JOB PRINTERS  
22 Congress St. Boston.

Kingston, or drafts on the Hoosac Tunnel. On Sabbath fellow citizens and the rest of mankind

**ORERON & CO.**  
P. S.—All persons connected with the Express will wear the Bloomer Rig.  
P. S.—No lady will be allowed to take more than fourteen handbaxes or three poodle dogs without extra charge.

GREAT CURSES!!!

DR. "DIET" begs leave to inform the public that he has removed from Tremont Street, and now opens his, ELEGANT ESTABLISHMENT, at the entrance of Powder Point Avenue, where he continues to offer to the public his usual assortment of choice delicacies.

new and elegant apparatus for building, and while he feels grateful for the assistance thus furnished.

**PORTABLE RANGES.**

The Subscriber takes much pleasure in announcing to his large circle of friends and patrons, that he has just received the new and improved

range that has ever before been offered to the public. The boilers are so arranged that they are warranted to heat conveally well as if they were

condemning trusts, that his former numerous inventions will be unrivaled, except by his last improvement. The above can be set with their patent, and patent hot air fixtures, if desired.

WILLIAM STANDISH, (Mason at large.)

100

**DR. BRADLEE**

in fulfilled every requirement. References can be shown from Drs. Diet and Caution, and many others.

aug 6  
GRAND FLORAL  
EXHIBITION!

Esq., will be exhibited on the 18th of January next, the most elegant assortment of various

California!!  
FAUNCE & Co. have made a

following terms, viz:—  
All letters and papers must be brought to  
Office at least one day before the day on which they are  
required to be presented.

received after that hour, and the publication<sup>3</sup> against all expulsive measures, may be convenient to adopt on this subject a

**NOTICE**  
WILLARD CLARK would invite

the citizens of Duxbury and vicinity the greatest assortment of DRY GOODS, FANCY ARTICLES, on hand, and a choice selection of FRENCH and ITALIAN GOODS, at reduced

**PASSENGERS:**

By the Hangar, at Hall—Abby Folcom, late missionary at Trimbuctoo.  
By the Spiders, at the Cut—the man that struck Billy Paterson, from Sacramento.  
By the Echo—the Warden of the State Prison, from Fango Cud.  
By the Angler—from the Banks, Omar Loring, late master of the Dutch Carmoon.

**SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.**

**FOR THE PORT OF DUXBURY**

3-12, not from Boston, barely reaching High Pine Lodge in a heavy squall. It is proved to have been, however, that the arrival at the pier was somewhat retarded by mistaking a small steamer for Brown's, of a certain horse, being partially concealed—The Union in passing on Blue Flag River, saw such a Redflower anchored at or near quarantine ground, Commodore and all banded on shore Capt. V. also recognized positively the existence of a mule dead north of Capt's Masson, one mile and a-half, the same that the rich General Light, Capt. Edward Vindore 75, reported about two years since. <sup>1867</sup> He remained a few days. We would in passing, say that the benefit of these two captives, who were taken to the

**10 HEBE.**

Arrived 3d, sat "Two Sisters," of East Abington  
masted energy, consisting of coal gas, heaters and stoves  
the ship had an airlock of 6 ft. The Thompsons to the garnet,  
the ship had an airlock of 6 ft. The Thompsons to the garnet,

## MY CREED.

arrived 20, each May Flower, from a pleasure excursion. On the passage from Providence to the Cape, while the Capt. was at the helm, she was overtaken by a schooner, and the vessel was destroyed, but on arriving at the Gunpowder wharf, he procured 12000 bottles of Pain Killer which immediately relieved him.

## DOMESTIC MARKETS:

## REVIEW OF THE MARKET.

**SPOKEN.**  
 "Off Cape Ann, the S.-S. *Montez*, 3 days from the World's Fair, where he has been among other lions, spending a few days.  
 He reports the attack."

**AUCTIONS.**

**magnum Enterprise.**  
**Wheelbarrow Dorey Express.**  
The Subscribers, wishing to serve the good people of Durham, and

by which they also, to enter a profitable business, have made arrangements to run an Hourly Express, in which they hope, it will not be long before they will be rich. They also intend to buy a house, and to have modern arrangements to run an Hourly Express, in which they hope, it will not be long before they will be rich. They also intend to buy a house, and to have modern arrangements to run an Hourly Express, in which they hope, it will not be long before they will be rich.

Perfect safety is guaranteed to all persons who favor us with their patronage. Anytime there may doubt arise, we will meet Doubt's army, and all intermediate points of

**Splendid Entertainment!**

[illegible]

## COUGHS CURED!!

your feet in each glass of the truck. If, through persistent too large an intake of water from a bucket, each horse will be furnished with a dose of Hippo Ambulatory, which will instantly, surely and healthfully kill the water-borne filth.

are taken, for reasons too obvious to mention, hardly surdies—in yellow-covered literature, as of all colors, nations, and climes, except the All-Whites will not be admitted to the category their race, as white, the fit is on them. I may be for going up, leaving us not only but cheating us into the bargain, as in such actions cannot be taken unless in company. And made, as we will never be, white."